

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald gives rein to his fancy respecting Maine federal appointments and makes several suggestions which are new to the parties mentioned.

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OXFORD Democrat; Col. Ingersoll has made the Argus permanently pious. It groans fearfully because he is an infidel and talks with the Campbellite Garfield.

"The New York Tribune calls it a 'cabinet that is as solid as a cube.'"

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**Blaine as an Editor.**

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Reminiscences of the Statesman Journalist.

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To the Editor of the Press:

State is well known to the American public, and its smallest incidents are familiar to his countrymen. The habits of party friends. Correspondents have written of his habits and character and the veil has been lifted as far as propriety would permit, from his domestic life. But of Mr. Blaine as an editor, very very little has been said. All recognized editors of the laboring press have been working men, his temperament and method in the performance of his editorial duties—is known to comparatively few. Let us indulge in some recollections of him at this period of his life.

Mr. Blaine's entrance upon journalism was at Augusta—his wife's native place—in 1833, when he became editor and one of the proprietors of the *Augusta Chronicle*, State paper.

Under his management the paper was raised to greater influence than it had possessed under the lamented Severance. When Hon. John M. Wood became sole proprietor of the *Portland Advertiser* and Henry Carter had been expelled from the *Portland Advertiser*, Wood decided to take the position and he retained his connection with the paper until the autumn, 1840.

When I returned to my *alma mater*, to borrow a college newspaper—after an absence of nearly a year, I was made the associate editor-in-chief of the *Advertiser*, and for two years I was placed in close relations with him. He was a man of great energy and business capacity in an editorial room. He never kept any-

his copy in type and proofs ready at the time appointed, and he always took care to allow them plenty of time. The Advertiser was very particular in his choice of the printer, and in the summer of Middle and Market streets, on the corner occupied by Messrs. Chasbroun & Kennerly, he had a printing office, with a press set down on Market street, and the two were connected by a gallery and a passage way through the rear of the building, and he was obliged to cross to the uninitiated. Mr. Blaine had fine accommodations provided for him in the superb library of the establishment, but he usually preferred to sit at his typewriter in a ten-foot room adjoining the composing room. Here he was strongly intrenched against interruption, and he was usually there at the time of his connection with the Advertiser, and it was his custom to go home on Friday afternoons, and to remain there until Monday, when he would come directly to the "devil" and dispatch the printer's devil for a light luncheon of crackers and cheese and a glass of champagne, and then he would begin time acquainting himself with the state of

would grab a pile of exchanges and go over their contents with lightning rapidity, tossing them loosely over his shoulder as fast as he had exhausted them. Snip—snip—scratch—snip—scratch—and pen worked together for a good life, scarcely a word spoken, but a little room for hours; and when the editor-in-chief had finished his task a few directions were given to his assistant, and with the remark that he should return at such an hour in the evening he would take his departure. Mr. Blaine writes a graceful, fluent hand, with few emendations, and the printers could generally read it readily, though sometimes a new compositor would—remonstrate over it. Many

out the manuscript for the next day's leader, written on the crown of his hat on board the cars. My! That was a dowing hand—then too flowing—it was a gushing hand—and the comments would frequently gush, also.

Often, after the morning paper, Blaine when he was at work in the library room, and it was a common thing to find him surrounded by from six to a dozen visitors, talking upon several different subjects, while the editor's pen traveled rapidly across the paper as if he was oblivious of their presence. Suddenly he would interpose a remark in one direction, correct a statement made in another discussion, or help out the memory of a third disputant;

around him, scarcely looking up from his paper or arresting the motion of his pen. I thought of Napoleon dictating to a score of secretaries at once.

My brief wonderful command of language is almost proverbial, and nowhere is this gift more appreciated than in a newspaper office. He seldom made "alterations from copy." He seemed to fling his words down like lightning, and they struck right every time. He always, when in town, superintended the "making up" of the editorial page, and in this mechanical process he displayed a rare facility; a phrenologist would say that his "organ of size" was extremely well developed. There, he

the head of the column, and "now" it will this, and then this," pointing to a third, "ill fill out; and he rarely ever erred materially.

Mr. Blaine is one of the most genial and best tempered men I was ever associated with. I cannot recall a harsh or unkind word from him during the two years I speak of; to me they were very pleasant years. He was equally affable to all in the establishment. Even Reuben, the "devil," with his quiet humor, would sometimes indulge in a joke with the august head of the establishment; and I know that all of the survivors of the old Portland Advertiser establishment of twenty-one years ago are still in the habit of referring to

Heine on Musset.

his malignity, describing Trusler before he had been  
reached middle age as a "young man with a  
very fine career—behind him" (*un jeune homme  
d'un bien beau passé*). Never was there more  
a truer, as assuredly there never was a cruelest  
witticism. Brilliant and early as was the first  
flight of Mr. Tennyson above the bright circle  
of his early college friends and admirers—a  
circle then very plausibly definable by name-  
less dogs of letters as a "mutual admiration so-  
ciety" artificially heated by the steam of re-  
ciprocal incense for the incubation of "coterie

the far more splendid horizon of contemporary Paris was itself as far more splendid than the sunrise over Cambridge of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical". When all due deductions and reserves are made, it remains undeniable that the world of letters has hardly known such a first look as the "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie". Its very faults were promises—unhappily too soon to be falsified—of riper and less radiant excellence to come. Of all this and shallow criticisms, none ever was shallower or thinner than that which would describe these firstlings of Musset's genius as mere byronic echoes. In that case they would be tune

notes of a singer who cannot but sing—though he might perhaps try to give no great evidence that he thought he could do much else. But of all evidence that is written in youth these are perhaps the most reliable. The artist, or, at the worst, the earnest student, has a brain that is not yet broken by the blood of adolescence. To do these things for justice, they should first be read at the age at which they were written or at the latest. After Catullus was twenty or twenty-one, there is probably no poet with whom it is so influential a pious parent or a judicious preceptor that youth should be so anxious to imitate or may be so confident of imitating the innocent mind of an ingenuous youth. He has more than the usual audacious charm and seductive impudence of the adolescent, and the graceless grace who overreaches Catullus, and the graceless grace who overreaches Catullus.

nightingale notes [in the compass of her voice] which in clear shore quality of blithe and bird-like spontaneity were beyond the reach of Terneyson. But when the pretty young Thackeray's bald and graying head appeared, and then bald, and then bald, and then bald, and then bald, ripening under the curly gold locks of his non-age. And "in such things" as the too splendid and showy puberty of a Musset.

"There is a rotten ripeness supervene  
On the first moment of maturity."

Unjust or barely just in its original application to one who lived to show himself brave at the last," and far other than a passionate weakening," another couplet of Sir Henry Taylor.

felt toward Musset by men whom he naturally fascinated before their own minds were horse page:

"I heard the sorrowful sensualist complain  
If with compassion, not without disdain."

There is a good deal of human nature in the canary. He never feels so much like lifting up his voice as when others are talking.—Boston Transcript.











